

Miscellaneous.

MARLBORO, PITT CO., N. C.
March 25th, 1879.

MR. EDITOR: Col. Cheek, worthy master of the State Grange, was with us yesterday, a living evidence of the good judgment of our brothers who raised him to that important office. His visit here was accidental, as he intended speaking in Greenville last Saturday; but owing to delay in getting his coming published he was disappointed, and came up and spent Sunday and Monday with the brothers of our community. The speech he made us yesterday was remarkable for its clearness on the principles and objects of the Order as well as the many good results of its labors. Everybody was pleased with our worthy master, and look for great benefits to result from his speech. Nothing would do more to advance our cause than the work now in progress by Col. Cheek. His visit will long be felt by our Grange and all who heard him.

The farmers are carrying on their operations in earnest now; the weather for the past few weeks has been fine, and corn planting is getting to be the order of the day. The winter was very hard on small grain sowed last fall. No fields of wheat were entirely destroyed, but several of my neighbors and myself had to re-sow our oats.

This is the second week of court in Pitt county. There were three capital cases—two for murder and one for house burning. One tried last week resulted in the acquittal of Mr. Levi Dawson, for killing a negro in January last. The other against Frank Bell, white, and Reuben Harris, colored, for the murder of a Mr. Brily, is now in progress. The incendiary case was deferred till next court. It is always a feast for the lawyers when court come in our county, and the unfortunate offenders have to pay dearly for their transgressions: but "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and suppose we ought not to envy the legal profession of their hard earnings when they do happen to get their hands into our pockets.

Bishop Lyman will preach in this city on the 28th ult.

I believe it is expected of correspondents to say something about our late General Assembly. Not being well enough posted on political affairs I forbear to criticize, but think they did the best they could, much of which I am sure will redound to their credit and the public good. Yours, &c., S. R.

March Bee-Work.

Bee keeping has its "seed time and harvest," the same as other farm operations; "the sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold, therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing." I once was bothered very much with an Irish neighbor's fowls, and thinking that the easiest way to abate the nuisance was to purchase them, I said, "Peggie, as your chickens will stay here all the time, sell them to me?" She replied, "O, indade ma'am, I can't part with the seed of 'my chickens.' If we as bee-keepers expect an abundant honey harvest, we must look well to our seed.

Colonies that are in warm dry hives, with plenty of bees and stores, need very little attention; such colonies keep their hives free from dead bees and debris of every kind. But in most apiaries weak swarms will be found, where house-keeping has been slack during such a long, cold winter as the past, and dead bees have accumulated between the combs, and on the bottom together with the chippings of comb, gathering dampness, mould and insects. In such colonies the bees seem discouraged, and make no effort at a general house-cleaning as the stronger ones do. We have always found that it paid to lift such colonies into clean hives, giving them only the frames that they can cover, and abundance of honey for their wants, and contracting the size of the hives with division boards or cushions, always choosing a dry, warm, still day for

the removal. Their old hive should then be scraped and scoured out with a scrubbing brush and hot suds, then thoroughly rinsed with boiling water, turned up in the sun to dry until next day when it is ready to receive back its old swarm or another needing removal. If it needs repairing it should be put in order before being used again, and a coat of paint will add to its appearance and durability.

In making this thorough cleaning of the hives, we ascertain the strength and condition of every colony. Some very strong colonies may be able to spare a comb of hatching bees to a weaker one, and if any are queenless they should be united to a weaker one having a queen.

If the queenless stock is strong, and we have no weak colony or fertile queen to give it a comb containing eggs, larvae and hatching bees should be given them, in order that they may have the means to raise a queen. Before she can be seasonably impregnated, she may be killed and more brood comb given to them.

A vigilant eye should be kept on such a colony until drones are flying, and it is ascertained that it has a fertile queen. A weaker colony may be strengthened by changing places with a stronger one when they are gathering stores. Sometimes during apple bloom a strong stock may be at the point of swarming, and the new swarm may starve if it comes off. By changing places with a weaker one both are benefited. It is the height of folly to keep a handful of bees in a large hive. Restrict them to the combs they cover, tuck them up warm, even if you have to take the pillows from your bed to do it with.—*Prairie Farmer.*

FARMERS AND LAWYERS.—It is always a fortunate circumstance for the State when a goodly number of able, experienced, and discreet lawyers are in our legislative assemblies. They alone are familiar with the laws, and they alone are competent to point out defects and apply needed remedies. There is a growing and absurd prejudice against the legal fraternity that should not be countenanced by reflecting men.—*Wilmington Star.*

There is much wisdom and sound sense in what the Star says. It is a great mistake that our people fall into when they conclude that the legislature should be composed of farmers alone; they are valuable to be sure, and the sound judgment of the thinking, intelligent farmers is worth a great deal in a legislative body, but it is absolutely necessary to have lawyers also. A legislature without experienced and able lawyers in it would be a weak body indeed, and one of the misfortunes to the State has been that since the war we have had too few of our great legal minds in it. Had we had the services of such men as James S. Amis, of Granville, Judge Fowle, of Wake, Mumford McGhee, of Person, and many others like them whom we could mention we doubtless would have been saved much unwise legislation.—*Goldsboro Mail.*

The stamp tax paid by the tobacco manufacturers in Orange alone, amounted to \$25,436.76 for February, a falling off by average through the year of about \$40,000.00 per month. This is plainly attributable in our judgment to the "tax question." The stamp tobacco tax for 1878 amounted to \$726,940.80. There are twenty factories in the county, and one cigar factory; fourteen of which are in Durham. There are a large number of leaf dealers, including four of the largest tobacco warehouses, in the State. These warehouses and another in the course of construction of equal dimensions, and soon to be opened, are also in Durham. There have been several changes recently, and for the past two months in the firms of tobacco manufacturers, the beginning of new ones, and the removal of material and manufactured stocks from place to place under the special provision of the Hon. Com. of Int. Revenue. E. H. Ponge, of Hillsboro, will soon remove to his handsome and commodious factory in Durham. J. M. Corbin has suspended manufacturing and J. W. Corbin will bond in a few days and continue in the tobacco manufacturing business in Hillsboro. John W. Wilkinson, near "One Knot," and Charles R. Miller, near Caldwell, expect soon to commence the distillation of whiskey.—*Durham Plant.*

COL. THOMAS BUFORD SHOOTS CHIEF JUSTICE ELLIOTT, OF KENTUCKY.

He Attributes His Deed to a Decision Adverse to His Sister.

FRANKFORT, KY., March 26, 1879.

Colonel Thomas Buford, of Henry county, and a brother of General Buford, shot and killed Judge John M. Elliott, of the Court of Appeals, at a quarter past one o'clock this afternoon, in front of the ladies' entrance of the Capitol Hotel, in this city. The weapon used was a double barreled shotgun, loaded with twelve buckshot in each barrel. Judge Elliott, in company with Judge Thomas Hines, was coming up Ann street when they were met at the steps of the side entrance of the hotel by Buford, who appeared equipped for hunting. Buford spoke first to Judge Elliott saying, "Judge, I believe I will go snipe hunting. Won't you go along?" To this Judge Elliott replied, "No." "Well then," said Buford, "won't you take a drive?"

At this point Judge Hines turned away, and had gone about six feet when the gun was fired and Judge Elliott fell upon the sidewalk without uttering a word. Buford looked down upon him and said "I'm sorry." He then lifted his head and put his (Buford's) hat under it. Judge Hines turned back and tried to raise the body, but found that life was extinct. He thought the shooting was done by accident until Buford spoke to the Deputy Sheriff and a policeman, who came immediately to the scene.

Buford immediately gave up his gun to the policeman, saying as he did so:—"Be careful with that gun. I put twelve buckshot in it for Pryor." He made no resistance whatever to the officers who arrested him, and immediately took him before Esquire Gwynn, who, after a brief examination, committed him to jail. On his way to the magistrate's office, or just before he started for it, he handed a letter to the deputy sheriff addressed as follows:—"Whoever may get this note I ask earnestly to deliver it to the person to whom it is directed."

CAPITOL HOTEL, March 26, 1879.

Whatever may happen to me I desire that my niece, Annie O. Wallace, shall have everything both in equity and in law that belongs to me. I only ask that my body shall be laid by my sister, Mary F. Buford, whom I loved so well, whose robbery and assassination I wish to try.

The body of Judge Elliott was taken to a room in the Capitol Hotel and a coroner's inquest was held. The following verdict was rendered by the jury:—

"We, the jury, find that the dead body now before us is that of John M. Elliott, of Boyd county, Ky., who was at the time of his death a Judge of the Court of Appeals, and resident temporarily at Frankfort, and was killed and murdered in said city on the 26th inst., by being shot through the body by Thomas Buford, with a double-barreled shotgun."

In ten minutes after Mr. Buford was taken to jail the Herald correspondent called upon him and held the following interview:—

"Have you any objection to talking with me upon the subject of the killing of Judge Elliott?"

"None in the least. I will tell you all about it."

He then entered into the particulars of the land suit lately decided against him in the Court of Appeals, entitled Buford, administrator, vs. Guthrie. He went over the whole ground, and said his sister Mary F. Buford, had been robbed and murdered by the decision of the Court of Appeals. I then asked him to give me the particulars of the killing.

THE STORY OF THE KILLING.
"Oh, that is easily told," said he. "I made up my mind to kill him. I thought on Monday I would kill both him and Judge Pryor, and took a walk to see if I could not save Pryor on account of his children. I finally concluded to do so. Twelve months ago, in March or April, I came to Frankfort determined to kill Judge Pryor and had twenty-four buckshot in a flannel bag for him and somebody else, but I changed my mind."

"Well, why did you change your mind?"
"Judge Pryor knew all the particulars of my case. He knew how my sister had been wronged and could have controlled the decision,

but the case was not yet decided and I determined to wait."

"Tell me about the killing of Judge Elliott."

"I made up my mind to kill him, not because he was the first to decide the case against me, but because he gave me a Judas kiss. He came to me after the decision and said, 'Colonel I did all I could for you.' I knew that was a lie. I knew the profession was against me."

Here he went again into the particulars of the case, and, upon being asked to tell about the shooting of Judge Elliott, said:—"My gun was loaded with twelve buckshot in each barrel. I thought this morning I would go snipe hunting. I met Elliott and said to him, 'Judge, I believe I will go snipe hunting, won't you go along?' He said, 'No.' I then asked him if he wouldn't take a drink, and raised my gun and pulled the trigger. It went off clear as a bell."

"He fell upon the pavement, and then I was sorry. I leaned down and placed my hat under his head. I wished to treat him with as much courtesy as he had shown in the robbery and assassination of my sister by his decision. It was the most ignominious game that my gun ever killed. I was arrested then, and gave the Sheriff a letter to my niece, Annie P. Wallace. You can see the letter. I simply gave her all my estate in law and equity, and asked to be buried by my sister. I did not intend to kill Judge Hines or Judge Pryor. I killed Elliott to try my case, to show that they could not rob and assassinate with impunity."

TO HIS SISTER'S GRAVE.

"Last week I was down in Henry, and I knelt on my sister's grave and swore to gain this case or die with her. I know what I have done. I made up my mind, and I am ready to take the consequences. I had a pistol in my pocket, and I intended to use it if the shotgun failed, but it did not fail."

The announcement of this horrible tragedy put an end to all business in the city. The streets have been crowded with people all the afternoon, and it has been seriously apprehended that there will be a riot. The Sheriff has summoned a large posse of citizens to guard the jail, and the militia have been notified to be in readiness in case of an outbreak. Judge Elliott was universally popular, generous and kind-hearted to a fault. His wife was in the hotel, and her distress was heart-rending. Hundreds of citizens have called to view the remains. The shot took effect in the right-side near the lower rib and passed through to the other side. Death was almost instantaneous. The Court of Appeals was adjourned until April 8, out of respect for the deceased.

Col. Thomas Buford is a brother of Gen. "Abc" Buford of the Yankee Army, of Woodford county, and is a brave, impetuous, rash man. A year or two ago, a suit of Guthrie against Buford was decided against him, and a writ of ejectment was issued from the Circuit Court of Henry county. The effect of this was to deprive him of his farm in that county, which constituted the bulk of his fortune. He resisted the serving of the writ, barricaded himself in his house, and defied the officers. A large posse of men was summoned, but Buford held the works and threatened instant death to any man attempting to enter his house. Things went on thus for awhile, but it was the Sheriff and not Buford who finally capitulated. An appeal was taken from the lower court to the Court of Appeals. As soon as this was done, Col. Buford took up his residence in Frankfort, where he has remained since. A few weeks ago, Judges Elliott and Pryor, of the Supreme Bench, rendered a decision in the case adversely to Buford.

SANDY LAND ENRICHED BY CLOVER.—When I have a piece of sandy land that I wish to enrich by clover, I mow the crop just as it commences to blossom, and let the clover lie spread out on the land as left by the machine. There is, I think, no loss of fertilizing elements by evaporation, while the clover hay acts as a mulch, and the second growth of clover is enlarged by it. I mow this second crop again about the first week in August; then, when it is desirable to continue the process another year, the land might be plowed up in two or three weeks, turning under the previous crops of clover that are on the surface, together with the green clover still growing. I believe this is better than to let the clover exhaust itself by running to seed.—*Joseph Harris.*

THE POINDEXTER MURDER TRIAL.

Testimony of the Young Lady Whose Pretty Little Foot Led to the Tragedy.

RICHMOND, VA., March 26, 1879.

The trial of John E. Poindexter for the murder of Curtis was resumed this morning. The excitement was more intense than any previous time since the opening of the case, and it was understood that Miss Poindexter, the unwitting and unwilling cause of the tragedy was to be put on the stand as a witness. The determination so to do seems to have been arrived at very quickly, for it has an along been thought that both sides would seek to escape the mythical orus of calling her to the stand, in obedience to that sense of civility in the Virginian mind in any case where a lady is concerned.

MISS COTTRELL.
A full sized, as a little and willowy figure, dressed in black and with feet five inches in height, deeply veiled over a black hat, velvet trimmed, was led in by Attorney General Field and Mr. J. S. Wise, counsel for the defense, and took her seat in the witness stand. She removed her veil, there was disclosed a strongly marked and not unexpressive face, with flashing light brown eyes looking through heavy lashes, and arched over with graceful brows. Her blonde hair curled about her forehead and fell in a loop down her neck. She wore plain gold earrings of oval shape. She had been sworn at the clerk's desk, and all questioned and requested to tell all she knew her eyes were modestly cast to the floor; her heavy blue veil rested in her lap. The witness made a good impression on the vast auditory. A brief glance at the pedimental extremity of the young lady showed a foot encased in French heeled shoes that to classic outlines and blue blooded diminutiveness, shapely contour and high instep, was entirely worthy of the earnest but fatal admiration of the unfortunate Curtis. Her voice was clear, low and sweet, and rang out with mellow distinctness.

CURTIS' ADMIRATION OF A PRETTY FOOT.

Miss Cottrell related the incidents connected with her first visit to Elliott, "Wings & Camps." It was in January; she first saw Curtis; after selecting a pair of shoes he insisted on assisting her to put them on; she refused and did it herself; then Curtis wanted to outdo the shoe, and persisted till she acquiesced Curtis' advances, carrying home a pair of shoes to try them on, on the third visit he took up the pair of shoes she took off and said, "What a pretty little shoe? Certainly you have got a pretty little foot! How do you manage to walk, anyhow?" witness answered him tar ly; she declared the attempt of Curtis to gaze at her in conversation, for her efforts to look at her foot, and, finally, his squeeze of her arm while helping her into her carriage.

POINDEXTER ENRAGED.

These annoyances were related by witness to John Poindexter. When he was told of Curtis' squeezing her arm he became very angry, but the affair made no special impression on her mind. She related how next day she was told of the shooting, by Thomas Poindexter, at which she was very much surprised.

The examination of Miss Cottrell was very long. Several witnesses were then sworn as to the prisoner's good character. Counsel will begin the argument to the jury to-morrow morning.

[From the Charlotte Democrat.]

A Premium for Corn.

MR. EDITOR: I will be one of ten to subscribe \$5 each as a premium to be given to any one of the number for the largest yield of corn on one acre. Land not irrigated to have an allowance of sixty bushels to start with.

The Editor of the Democrat is authorized to hold the money until sworn statements in regard to measurement and product are produced and a decision made.

W. W. PHIFER.

Charlotte, March 24, 1879.

THE BEGINNING.

Now Adam he stood in his garden alone.
Ere out of his body had come a rib bone
(For woman was made from a rib you're wae,
So rib bone's their idol, and ribbon they'll wear)
The first of his race, a monarch sublime,
He gazed all around and said, "all is mine—
But still there's a want, a something I miss,
And I feel that I long for something to kiss."
Soon after poor Adam fell down in a sleep,
Not restless and tossing but solemn and deep,
Then rose he, but knew not that woman was maid,
He walked in the garden and was not afraid.
But hold! what is this? a maiden so fair,
Walks boldly up to him without thought or care.
You're anxious to know how they first broke the ice?
Well, below find the words—twas done very nice:
HE—"Madam, I'm Adam."
SHE—"Adam, I'm Ma'am."

Washington Lodge, No., Knights of Honor, was organized by Deputy Grand Dictator J. M. Springs, of Tallapoosa Co., with 31 charter members at Washington, N. C., on Thursday the 20th inst.

HOW TO MAKE COLOGNE WATER EASILY AND CHEAPLY AT HOME.—The only perfume which never seems to offend any, and which leaves no unpleasant taint behind it is that of cologne water, which stimulates while it soothes the senses, and suggests a pleasant wholesomeness instead of any sickish sweetness, as the best of the extracts and essences and bouquets are apt to do. We do not mean, of course, the cheap and common cologne water of the druggists, which is usually very much worse than non-at all, and won't leave, after drying, the smell of burned sugar where it has been used, often, as it is made of the poorest spirit and necessarily without subsequent distillation, with its regard to the fact that it requires the strongest proof or rectified spirit to dissolve the combined oils properly where the process of distillation is not used. Indeed, with no trouble at all, any one can make in her own store room a better article of cologne than that which is usually bought, by thoroughly dissolving a fluid dram of the oil of bergamot, orange and rosemary each with half a dram of neroli, and a pint of rectified spirit. As good as can be made out of cologne itself, however, is also quite as comfortably prepared at home as at the chemist's—at so much less than the chemist's prices that one feels warranted in using it freely—simply by mixing with one part of rectified spirit two fluid drams each of the oils of bergamot and lemon, one of the oil of orange, and half as much of that of rosemary, together with three-quarters of a dram of neroli and four drops each of the essences of ambergris and musk. If this is subsequently distilled it makes what may be called a perfect cologne, but it becomes exceedingly fine by being kept tightly stoppered for two or three months to ripen and mellow before use.

A NEGRO TAKEN FROM JAIL AT FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, LYNCHED AND HIS BODY BURNED UP IN THE MARKET SQUARE.

This evening a fearful affair took place at Fort Scott, Kansas, down on the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad. Early in the day Gus Howard, the negro who outraged a twelve-year-old child on Monday, was caught and smuggled into jail. A mob of 1,000 persons surrounded the building, and by dark it numbered 3,000. Shortly after seven o'clock a rush was made with an improved battering ram at the jail door, which was smashed in. The jailer was overpowered and Howard dragged out by the howling mob with a rope around his neck. He was a powerful negro, and on the way to the public square held the rope in his teeth most of the time, and fought and struggled desperately.

Arriving at the market square, he was hauled to a lamp post and pulled up, withing, swearing and praying, and held until he was dead. A monster bonfire was then kindled, the body hurled upon it and burned until nothing remained, the mob howling and putting flags to the fire like demons. The scene was horrible, and occurring after dark, was terribly real and wild.

If the Union soldiers while fighting to put down the rebellion could have foreseen that in 1879 there would be nineteen ex-confederate officers in the Senate of the United States and only four men who risked their lives for the old flag, they would have been almost excusable if they had grounded arms and refused to fight for a country so soon to honor its betrayers more than its defenders. Yet this is what it has come to. Nineteen to four are the figures. The roll call of the ex-confederates is as follows: Morgan, Garland, Walker, Call, Cockrell, Vest, Ransom, Vance, Withers, Johnson, Gordon, Williams, Jones, Lamar, Butler, Hampton, Harris, Coke, Maxey. And here is the slender representation of the loyal armies upon the Senate floor: Logan, Plumb, Burnside and Kellogg.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Among the bills passed by the late Legislature it is safe to say, that the law making persons ineligible to sit on any jury, who have served on a grand or petit jury, within two years, is by no means the least important. We desire to call attention to the fact that this bill was introduced and advocated by Mr. Ellison, a colored man and a good Republican. The laws of the United States contain a similar provision, which has stood the test of experience and is found to work well. The need of some such law has long been felt and acknowledged, and is adopted by the State authorities will be hailed with pleasure by all, except perhaps a favored few, who have heretofore enjoyed almost a monopoly of being summoned on the juries in consideration of their willingness to work for the "Court House" rings in the different counties.—*Greensboro State (Republican).*

EDITOR N. C. FARMER:—I like the Chufa very much. I think it is a very profitable crop, and will be very beneficial to our people if they could become convinced that it is not the grass nut. It is the finest crop for hogs that I have ever raised, and also for poultry; my turkeys and chickens had destroyed a good portion of my crop before I found it out.

GEO. W. VALENTINE,
Harrisville, N. C.